

Beautiful Torture

Beauty lies within that is how it's always been but then there's turmoil within.

Can it be that it was always me that could never see the beauty? Am I my own worst enemy?

Then one day it all came to play, suddenly I knew me to be, just as he created the sea.

Waves move up and down just like my mind spins round and round sometimes consumed with
darkness.

Then the light that creeps into me just as it pierces the sea and fades the darkness back beneath so it
cannot be seen.

So it seems I am my own worst enemy with beauty seen I am who he made me to be.